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SELECT PORTIONS

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF THE

CONGREGATION

OF

St. PHILIP'S,

IN

BIRMINGHAM.

*Lit. Eng. Ch. of
Birmingham Phil. St. Hymns
Ch. of Psalm & Hymns*

" Their golden Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like Quivers hung, and with preambles sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven!"

MILT. PAR. LOST.

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MS AND HYPER

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PREFACE.

IT is obvious to remark, that, however customs and manners may have varied in different ages of the world, Psalmody has ever constituted a part of public worship. It is a duty to which we are prompted by the feelings of nature:—As in adversity we pray, so in prosperity we rejoice and sing; and the duty is moreover enforced by the positive injunction of God's commandment.

The instances in the Old Testament are innumerable, which shew the attention that was paid to this part of divine worship. At a very early period we read of "Jubal, who was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." (Genesis iv, 21.) To celebrate the miraculous deliverance of the children of Israel in the Red Sea, "Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels." (Exodus xv, 21.) Deborah and Barack sang a triumphant hymn of praise after the defeat of Sisera. (Judges v.) The most inattentive reader of the Bible cannot but notice the exquisite poetry of the

royal Psalmist, which made a part of the ritual of the national church established in Israel. "The trumpet was blown in the new moon on the solemn feast-day; such was the statute for Israel, and the law of the God of Jacob." (Psalm lxxxi, 3 and 4.) The removal of the ark was always accompanied with singing, with the sound of the cornet, and the trumpet, and the cymbal, and the harp. With such admirable skill was Psalmody conducted by Solomon, that "it came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, and when they lifted up their voice with the musical instruments and praised the Lord, saying, "For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever;" that then the glory of the Lord, a body of light above the brightness of the sun descended from heaven, and filled the house of God." (2 Chron. v, 13. 14) From the reign of Solomon to the accession of Hezekiah, Psalmody and the pure worship of the true God were either profaned or neglected. Sunk and degraded amid the gloom of ignorance, irreligion and idolatry, that devout reverence which influenced their general conduct, in the time of their forefathers, now no longer animated their

their piety. It was left for the good and pious Hezekiah "to break down the altars that were erected to Baal," to reform the accumulated abuses in the service of the sanctuary; and to restore the spiritual worship of Jehovah. The harp, now no longer, as in the days of their captivity, hung upon the trees in melancholy silence by the waters of Babylon; but they "bowed the head and worshipped the God of Israel," praising and magnifying him on consecrated instruments with Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.

Though the christian less needs the aid of external assistance to excite and invigorate his devotion, yet human nature is not changed, and the power of music is still the same. *We* may, therefore, "blow the trumpet on *our* feast-day; *we* may take the Psalm, and sing, and make melody in our hearts unto the Lord, even the Lord God of Israel, who hath visited and redeemed his people." The birth of the Saviour of the world was ushered in by the songs of a multitude of the heavenly host. On the evening preceding his passion, He and his disciples joined in a hymn of adoration and praise. Paul and Silas, when they were in prison, "prayed and sang praises to God."

epistles we have several precepts and exhortations to this duty; which, except in times of persecution, has always formed a part of christian worship. And engaged in this delightful service, the church below unites with the church triumphant, with angels and with arch-angels, in singing "the praises of God and of the Lamb."

It has been long lamented by the members of the established church, that too little attention has been paid to this part of our public service. It is the object of the following selection to correct this inattention, and to restore to Psalmody that degree of respect which it most unquestionably merits. To this end it will be found, that, in the place of those metrical versions, which, though they have been long and almost universally adopted, must be allowed to be in many instances extremely vapid and jejune, we have had recourse to the acknowledged superiority of other translations; by availing ourselves of which, we are enabled to unite the elegance and spirit of Addison and Merrick, with the pious simplicity of Doddridge and Watts.

We cannot but observe, that the Psalms, however they may be calculated, when read,
in

in the daily service of our church, to edify either by type, by precept, by doctrine, or by example, are not suitable, in any important devotional point of view, to the use of a public congregation. Let it not be inferred from this observation, that these divine compositions do not comprize all our necessities; we mean only to say, that, numerous as are the passages, which contain sentiments of piety and devotion, the connection of them is frequently so broken in consequence of a remarkable peculiarity of style, that, to make them appropriate to general or particular use, it has been found necessary to collect them, and thus render them applicable to the feelings and necessities of every individual.

Of the select portions which have for some years been used by the congregation of St. Philip's, it must be confessed, that they have been found not sufficiently comprehensive; and that with respect to the fasts and festivals of our church, the application of them is, in many instances, so remote, that it is not likely to be discovered except by minds of more than ordinary capacity, or without a more than common attention to the subject. It will be seen, that, in the second part of this book, an

attempt has been made to obviate this difficulty, by a selection of such hymns as will be found proper for every event which a christian-congregation may be called upon to commemorate. Recourse would not have been had to these compositions, if the Psalms, which, as of divine authority, demand greater attention, had contained, as was before observed, devotional matter, so connected as to be proper for general use. They will however be found perfectly agreeable to the doctrines of scripture; and it is hoped, that the elegance of some, and the piety of others, will recommend them to general notice.

If Psalmody be so agreeable to the dictates of nature, and so expressive of the strongest and most amiable feelings of the heart; if among the Israelites and primitive christians it was cultivated with so much care, and attended with so much benefit; if moreover it be illustrated by the example of Christ, and enforced by the precepts of his apostles; it cannot surely be necessary to urge every individual in the congregation to pay that attention to this part of our service which it so justly deserves. Praise is no less a duty than prayer. If in distress we bend the knee, and humbly
petition

petition for a supply of our necessities, we are surely bound from motives of gratitude and duty, to "praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men; to exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and to praise him in the seat of the elders." (Psalm cvii, 31. and 32.) And since the more general the service, the more impressive will be the effect, it is the duty of all who are competent, to unite their voices in these songs of praise, and to "swell the tide of harmony." We shall, by these means, inspire, with more confidence, those who may be desirous to join, and add to the general devotion by an appearance of a more general interest and participation in the service.

In imitation of the example of the Jewish times, and of the constant practice of the christian church, the whole congregation should *stand up* during this solemn act of adoration. (2 Chron. vii, 6.—Nehemiah ix, 5.—Isaiah vi, 2, 3.—Revelations vii, 9, 10.—xv, 2, 3, 4.) We cannot too strongly express the devout sense we have of the more immediate presence of the Supreme Being; nor wish to be thought wanting in any part of that bodily worship, which is a visible sign of inward reverence

verence and piety. A moment's reflection will suggest to every one the necessity of preserving uniformity in all the various parts of public worship, and that, as when in the presence of an earthly superior, we do not dare, by our attitudes, to shew the least mark of disrespect, much less should we when in the awful presence of Him, who is our Maker and Preserver, and will hereafter be our Judge. Allowances are readily granted to age and infirmity, but in a matter of so much importance, it is hoped no one will plead any other excuse, as a sufficient apology for neglect or seeming indifference.

A proper attention to this part of public worship will be productive of the happiest effects. It will contribute very essentially to confirm and cherish sentiments of piety and devotion, to administer consolation to the afflicted; and thus evince, even at this distant period, that "the evil spirit may still be dispossessed, and the good spirit invited and obtained by the harp of the Son of Jesse."

W. WOODCOCK,

Curate of St. Philip's,

Birmingham, April, 1866.

PSALMS, &c.

PSALM I.

The Happiness of the Righteous.

1.

HOW blest'd is he who ne'er consents

By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk:

2.

But makes the perfect law of God

His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3.

Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,

With timely fruit doth bend;
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4.

For God approves the just man's ways

To happiness they tend;
But sinners and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM IV.

An incitement to private Meditation.

1.

STAND ye in awe of God's commands,
Flee every thing that's ill,
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

2.

The place of other sacrifice,
Let righteousness supply;
And let your hope securely fix'd
On God alone rely.

3.

While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous times to see;
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

4.

So down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possess.

PSALM V.

Prayer and Praise to God for his protection.

1.

THE words that from my lips proceed [read,]
My thoughts (for thou those thoughts canst

My God, my King, attentive weigh,
And hear, O hear me, when I pray.

2.

With earliest zeal, with wakeful care,
To thee my soul shall pour its prayer,
And ere the dawn has streak'd the sky,
To thee direct its longing eye.

3.

Sav'd, by thy care in songs of joy,
Let all their grateful voice employ,
And share the gifts on those bestow'd,
Who love the name of Jacob's God.

4.

To all who bear a guiltless heart,
Thy grace its blessings shall impart;
Strong as the brazen shield, thy aid,
Around them casts its cov'ring shade.

PSALM VIII.

*Admiration of God's Works, and condescension to
the human race.*

1.

O King, eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone:
Above the stars thy glories shine,
Above the heavens thy throne.

2.

The infant's tongue shall speak thy pow'r
And vindicate thy laws;
The tongue that never spoke before,
Shall labour in thy cause.

3.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Th' extended space of azure skies,
With stars and planets crown'd;

4.

Lord! what is mortal man, that he
Thy kind regard should share?
Or son of man, who claims from thee,
Such great, such constant care.

PSALM XL.

Confidence and Hope in God.

1.

HOW long shall I, my God, in vain
'Preſt by a weight of griefs complain?
Say, ſhall I ſink in deep deſpair,
For ever baniſh'd from thy care?

2.

Thy ſuppliant's voice attentive weigh,
And bid, O bid, thy heavenly ray
With healing influence o'er me riſe,
Ere death's dark ſlumber cloſe my eyes.

3.

Well pleas'd thy mercy to proclaim,
To thee inspir'd with holy flame,
To thee my tongue from day to day
Shall meditate the grateful lay.

PSALM XV.

*The Qualifications of the Man, who is fit to enter
God's Holy Temple.*

1.

ORD, who is he, that happy man,
Whom thou so well dost love,
That he may praise thee here below,
And dwell with thee above?

2.

'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

3.

Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whisper'd round.

4.

Who to his plighted vows and trust
Hath ever firmly stood;

And though he promise to his loss
Yet makes his promise good.

PSALM XVIII.

Support and Comfort under God's Protection.

BLEST object of my soul's desire,
To thee my grateful thoughts aspire;
On thee my stedfast hope I build,
My God, my rest, my rock, my shield.

2.
While night's thick shades around me stand,
My lamp illumin'd by thy hand,
Pours through the gloom its steady ray,
And turns my darkness into day.

3.
Thou, mightiest Lord, hast o'er my head,
The shield of thy salvation spread;
'Tis thou that arm'st me for the fight;
'Tis thou that gird'st my soul with might.

4.
On thy blest word who build their trust,
Shall find their confidence was just:
No God but thee, shall Israel know,
For who, O who, can save but thou?

PSALM XIX.

The Works of Creation prove the being of God.

1.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangl'd heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim;
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

2.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3.

What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

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PSALM XXIII.

God our Shepherd.

1.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

2.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
 My weary wandering steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
 And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV.

Dwelling with God.

1.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 The Lord's her fullness is;
 The world and they that dwell therein,
 By sov'reign right are his.

2.

But for himself this Lord of all,
 One chosen seat design'd;
 O who shall to that sacred hill,
 Desir'd admittance find?

3.

He only, who with spotless soul,
 Fair virtue's path has trod;
 Who with clean hands and heart regards
 His neighbour and his God.

4.

This, this is he, on whom the Lord
 Shall show'r his blessings down;
 Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
 With righteousness to crown.

PSALM XXV.

For Divine Protection and Guidance.

1.

THY mercies and thy love
 O Lord recall to mind:

And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

2.

Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by Thee;
And for thy wond'rous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

3.

His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

4.

He those in justice guides,
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

PSALM XXV.—Part the Second.

For Grace and Pardon.

SINCE mercy is the grace,
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sins, O Lord,
And to advance thy name.

2.

Whoe'er with humble fear
To God his duty pays,

Shall find the Lord a faithful guide
In all his righteous ways.

3.

The sorrows of my heart
To mighty fums increase;
O from this dark and dismal state
My troubled soul release.

4.

Do thou with gracious eyes
My sad afflictions see;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
Intirely set me free.

5.

Let all my righteous acts
To full perfection rise,
Because my firm and constant hope
On thee alone relies.

PSALM XXVI.

Conscious Integrity.

1.

BE thou, my judge, whose searching eyes
My guiltless life have known:
On thee my stedfast soul relies,
Nor fear of lapse shall own.

2.

O search me still; my heart, my reins,
With strictest view survey;

Thy love, great God, my hope sustains,
Thy truth directs my way.

3

The house of guile, and seat of lies,
With studious care I shun;
From crouds that impious deeds devise,
My steps abhorrent run.

4

In innocence I wash my hands,
Thy altar compass round,
And grateful join the sacred bands,
Whose hymns thy acts resound.

PSALM XXVII.

The Church our delight and safety.

1.

THOU, Lord, my safety, thou my light,
What danger shall my soul affright?
Strength of my life! What arm shall dare
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?

2.

One wish with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form;
One gift I ask;—that to my end
Fair Zion's doom I may attend.

3.

For God within his hallow'd shrine,
My secret refuge shall assign;

And while the storms around me beat,
Fix on the rock my steadfast feet.

4.

For this with grateful joy bestow'd,
My offering shall his altar load,
My tongue its note exulting raise,
And dictate to the harp his praise.

PSALM XXVII.—Part the Second.

Prayer for Protection.

1.

O HEAR me, Lord, on thee I call,
And prostrate at thy footstool fall;
O let me on thy aid reclin'd,
Thee still my great salvation find,

2.

Nor leave me helpless and forlorn,
The absence of thy grace to mourn;—
When doom'd the orphans lot to bear,
No father's kind concern I share,

3.

Nor o'er me wakes a mother's eye,
My wants attentive to supply,
Adopted by thy care, in thee
The parent and the friend I see.

PSALM XXX.
Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

1.

AS pleas'd I cast my eyes around,
And view'd my life with blessings crown'd,
Fondly I said within my heart,
'Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart;'

2.

But instant thou thy face had'st turn'd,
And prostrate on the earth I mourn'd:
I mourn'd, and, O my guard, my guide,
(With humbler spirit thus I cried)

3.

'Hear me, O God of Grace: (I said)
'And bring me from among the dead:
'Thy aid, thy aid, in pity lend,
'And gracious to my plaints attend.'

4.

My groans and tears, and gloom of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;—
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
For sickness heal'd and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXII.

A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Pardon.

1.

MY humbled soul its crimes shall own;
My God, I bow before thy throne,

To thee my inmost guilt disclose,
And in thy bosom pour my woes.

2.

But lo! while yet my hands I rear,
The voice of mercy to my ear
Descends, and whispering peace within
Confirms the pardon of my sin.

3.

For this shall all who Thee adore,
E'er yet the day of grace be o'er,
To Thee with steadfast hope repair,
To Thee pour forth th' unwearied pray'r.

4.

So, when affliction's tempests rise,
And heave the billows to the skies,
They, safe in Thee the storm shall brave,
And distant view the madd'ning wave.

5.

When various griefs my soul surround,
In Thee my sure retreat is found;
Thy wish'd salvation meets my eyes,
And songs of triumph round me rise.

PSALM XXXIII.

The works of Creation and Providence.

1.

LET all the just to God with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;

For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2.

Most faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

3.

By his almighty word, at first
The heav'nly arch was rear'd,
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.

4.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart,
To ages shall endure.

PSALM XXXIV.

Deliverance by Prayer.

1.

THEE will I thank, and day by day
Form to thy praise the joyful lay;
From morn to eve the song extend,
Thee boast my Father, Thee my friend.

2.

While pleas'd each heart of humble frame
Shall wake, great God, to hear thy name;

O come, your voice triumphant raise,
And sing with me your Maker's praise.

3.

To Him, my soul disclos'd its care;
He heard, and, present to my prayer,
His faithful buckler o'er me held,
Each terror from my breast dispell'd.

4.

Hail, Saviour of the human race!
Hail, Fountain of exhaustless grace!
Thrice happy, who on Thee recline,
Nor own, nor ask a help but Thine.

PSALM XXXVI.

God's Mercy, Justice, and Goodness.

1.

THY mercy, Lord, my surest hope,
The highest orb of heav'n transcends,
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading skies extends.

2.

Thy justice, like the hills, remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.

3.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just

Thy she'll'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust?

4.

Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

PSALM XXXVII.

Trust in God the true Riches.

1.

THO' wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise:
For they cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flow'rs away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

2.

Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want;
Make his commands thy chief delight,
And he thy duty to requite
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

3.

In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford
To perfect ev'ry just design:

and make, like light serene and clear,
thy clouded innocence appear,
And as the mid-day sun to shine.

PSALM XXXIX.

The Vanity of Mortal Man.

1.
— ORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end;
The num'rous train of ills disclose
Which this frail state attend.

2.
My life thou know'st, is but a span,
A cypher sums my years;
And ev'ry man in best estate,
But vanity appears.

3.
Man like a shadow vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

4.
Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious care attend?
On Thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

PSALM XL.

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

1.

WITH patient hope my God I fought;
He to his suppliant's want, his thought
In happiest hour appli'd:
He from the dark and miry pit,
High on the rock has rais'd my feet,
Nor fear my steps to slide.

2.

His praise inspires my grateful tongue,
And dictates to my lips a Song
In strains unheard before:
Admiring crowds his work shall see,
Their strength on him repose with me,
With me his name adore.

3.

Blest, who in Thee, great God, confide,
Nor madly trust the arm of pride,
And helps that but betray:
Thy mercies, Lord, all praise surmount,
Nor numbers can their sum recount;
Nor words their worth display.

PSALM XLI.

Charity to the Poor.

1.

HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress:

When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2.

The Lord his life with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those,
Who seek to do him wrong.

3.

If he in languishing estate
Oppress'd with sickness lie,
The Lord shall easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

4.

Let therefore Israel's Lord and God,
From age to age be bless'd,
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amen's express'd.

PSALM XLII.

Comfort in Affliction.

1.

THY mercies, Lord, before my eyes
Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise;
To Thee my thanks shall still be paid,
My sure defence, my constant aid.

2.

Thy name to rapture prompts my tongue,
My joy by day, by night my song;

To thee my soul ascends in prayer,
And in thy bosom pours its care.

3.

God, of my strength attend my cry,
Say why, my Great Preserver, why
Excluded from thy sight I go,
And bend beneath a weight of woe?

4.

Why thus, my soul, with care oppress'd,
And whence the woes that fill my breast?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy steadfast hope repose.

PSALM XLVII.

Praise to God for his General Providence.

1.

ARISE, ye people, clap the hand,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let ev'ry isle, and every land,
Confess th' Almighty Lord.

2.

Sing to our God, in loudest strain
Perpetual praises sing:
O'er earth's wide bounds extend his reign,
O praise our God and King.

3.

Prepare, prepare, with tuneful art,
In one assembled throng,

Your shares of harmony to part,
And raise the heav'n-taught song.

4.

For he whose hands amid the skies,
Th' eternal sceptre wield,
To earth's whole race his care applies,
And o'er them spreads the shield.

PSALM LI.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me oppress'd with loads of guilt
Thy wonted mercy find.

2.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime and see
How great my guilt hath been.

3.

Withdraw not thou thyself,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

4.

The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain

C

Let thy free Spirit's firm support,
My fainting soul sustain.

PSALM LVII.

Praise to God.

1.

O GOD, my heart is fix'd and bent,
Its faithful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2.

Awake, my glory, harp, and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound,
To all the list'ning nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here as there obey'd.

PSALM LXIII.

Seeking God.

1.

O GOD, my gracious God, to Thee
 My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be,
 For thee, my thirsty soul doth pant;
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing waters want.

2.

My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing Thee, I will employ
 With lifted hands adore thy name.

My soul's content shall be as great,
 As their's who choicest dainties eat,
 While I with joy thy praise proclaim.

3.

When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,

Thou Lord, art present to my mind;

And when I wake in dead of night;

Because thou still dost succour bring,

Beneath the shadow of thy wing

I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXV.

The blessing of Rain.

GREAT God, from out thy countless store
 Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground:

C 2

Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

2.

On rising ridges, down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs
In which a blest increase distills.

3.

They drop on barren forests, chang'd
By them to pastures fresh and green;
The hills about in order rang'd
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

4.

Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
Thro' every month thy gifts appear;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXVII.

God's favour cause for joy.

1.

TO blest thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2.

That to thy wond'rous ways,
May through the earth be known;

While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own,

3.

Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4.

Let them rejoice and sing
To Thee with pious mirth;
For Thou the righteous Judge and King
Dost govern all the earth,

PSALM LXXI.—Part the First.

The Saint's reflection and Hope.

1.

IN Thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame,
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy name.

2.

Be thou my strong abiding place,
To which I may resort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe,
Thou art my rock and fort.

3.

Thy righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare;

Unable yet to count them all
Though summ'd with utmost care.

4:

Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth
To praise thy glorious name:
And ever since thy wondrous works
Have been my constant theme.

PSALM LXXI.—Part the Second

The Saint's reflection and hope

1.

THY constant care, my God, did guard
My tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb
To sing thy constant praise.

2:

And now through life's bewild'ring ways,
Thy hand supports me still;
Thy honour, therefore, and thy praise
My mouth shall always fill.

3:

Reject not, then, thy servant, Lord,
When I with age decay,
Forake me not, when worn with years;
My strength shall fade away.

4:

To these and future times will I
Lift up my grateful voice;

My thankful soul by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy pow'r rejoice.

PSALM LXXXIV.—Part the First

The Pleasure of public Worship.

1.

O GOD of hosts! the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face.

2.

My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee the living God.

3.

The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thine altar throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

4.

O Lord of hosts, my King, and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell
And there thy praise display.

C 4

PSALM LXXXIV.--Part the Second.

The pleasure of Public Worship.

O Lord of hosts! my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell
And there thy praise display!

2.
Thrice happy they, whose choice hath Thee
Their sure protection made,
Who love to tread the sacred ways,
'That to thy dwelling lead!

3.
Within thy courts: one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than in the tents of wickedness
A thousand days to spend.

4.
Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on thee.

PSALM LXXXVI.
A general Song of Praise to God.

TEACH me thy ways, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart:

In reverence to thy sacred name
Devoutly fix my heart.

2.

Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God,
With heart and voice sincere;
And to thy everlasting name
Eternal trophies rear.

3.

Thy boundless mercy shewn to me
Transcends my pow'r to tell;
For Thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest depths of hell.

4.

Thy bounteous goodness always did
To me assistance bring:
O Thou, of patience, mercy, truth,
The everlasting Spring.

* Acts of gratitude to God. † Out of extremest dangers

PSALM LXXXVIII.

Life after Death.

1.

GOD of my health! to thee by day,
To thee by night aloud I pray;
O bend thine ear, and let my cries
Accepted to thy throne arise.

2.

Shall whom the bands of death unfold,
The wonders of thy pow'r behold,

And, starting from the tomb, thy name
In hymns of joyful praise proclaim.

3^d

Yes—when I'm buried deep in dust,
My perished flesh to thee I'll trust;
These wither'd limbs shall be thy care;
Thy glorious quick'ning they shall share.

4th

Thou to my eyes in full survey,
Shall paths of heav'nly life display;
Those paths which to thy presence bear;
For joy unspeakable is there.

PSALM LXXXIX.—Part the First.

The Power and Majesty of God.

MY grateful tongue, immortal King,
Thy mercy shall for ever sing,
My verse to time's remotest day
Thy truth in sacred notes display.

2^d

Thy acts, great God, heaven's lofty seat
With awful wonder shall repeat,
Thy truth to thankful mirth shall raise
Each heart, each tongue incite to praise.

3^d

'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide,
And calm at will its swelling tide;

Strong is thy arm, thy steadfast will
Thy hands with sure effect fulfil.

4.

The heav'n above, and earth below,
Thee, Lord, their great Possessor know;
By Thee this orb to being rose,
And all that nature's bounds inclose.

5.

O wise in all thy works! thy name
Let man's whole race aloud proclaim,
And, grateful, through the length of days
In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

PSALM LXXXIX.—Part the Second.

Life, Death, and Resurrection.

1.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble man
How few his hours! how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave!
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death;
Or who can boast the pow'r to save?
Lord, shall it be for ever said,
The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?
Are not thy servants day by day
Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3.

Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed a heav'nly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair!
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That Faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4.

For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach, and pain,
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim his wondrous love,
And each repeat aloud, Amen.

PSALM XC.—Part the First.

The frail Tenure of Human Life.

1.

THOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when Thou speak'st the word return,
'Tis instantly obey'd.

2.

Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams;
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams.

3.

But howsoever fresh and fair,
 Its morning beauty shows,
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
 Before the ev'ning close.

4.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
 And watch their constant race
 To measure what we want in time,
 By wisdom and by grace.

PSALM XC.—Part the Second.

The frail Tenure of Human Life.

I.

THOU, Lord, to all of human kind,
 In short extension hast assign'd
 Their term, and bid them, at its end,
 Low to their native dust descend.

2.

To Thee as yesterday appears
 The prospect of a thousand years;
 And ages, roll'd successive on,
 Quick, as the circling watch are gone.

3.

Our date to seventy years confin'd,
 If aught of life remain behind,
 If nature yet a ten year's day
 Indulge us, e'er her debt we pay.

4.

Our strength but weakness then we know,
 And lengthen'd age, but lengthen'd woe:
 Stripp'd of our pride, we close our span,
 And vanish from the eye of man.

PSALM XCI.

Safety in Danger.

1.

HE that has God his guardian made,
 Shall under the Almighty's shade,
 Secure and undisturb'd abide:
 Thus to my soul of Him I'll say,
 He is, my fortress and my stay,
 My God, in whom I will confide.

2.

His tender love and watchful care
 Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
 And from the noisome pestilence:
 He over thee his wings shall spread,
 And cover thy unguarded head;
 His trust shall be thy strong defence.

3.

No terrors that surprise by night,
 Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
 Nor deadly shafts that fly by day;
 Nor plague of unknown rise, that kills

In darkness, nor infectious ill,
That in the hottest season slay.

PSALM XCII.

A Psalm of Praise.

HOW blest the task, with fervent heart
To summon from the tuneful art
Its succours, and thy name record,
O Thou, whom nature owns her Lord!

2.

Thy boundless mercies, heav'nly King,
At morning's earliest hour to sing,
And, rapt in praise, thy truth to tell,
When night's dark shades around us dwell:

3.

While with the ten-string'd instrument
The psaltry's measur'd strains consent,
And o'er the harp each liquid note
With solemn sound is taught to float.

4.

How have thy acts my wakeful breast
With rapt'rous gratitude impress'd!
How joys my tongue with holy flame
Inspir'd, thy wonders to proclaim.

PSALM XCIII.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

1.

THE Lord th' eternal sceptre rears,
 And nature's pow'r observant hears,
 Whate'er his will enjoins;
 His head with purest splendor's crown'd,
 With majesty he vests him round,
 And girds with strength his loins.

2.

Encircled by th' ethereal space,
 And fix'd by him on firmest base,
 The earth's vast orb appears;
 From earliest age, great God, thy throne
 Aloft in heaven prepar'd has shone;
 Nor numbers time thy years.

3.

A scene of horror strikes my eyes;
 The floods, great God, the floods arise,
 And lift their voice on high;
 What pow'r shall curb the headlong tide?
 What bid the swelling waves subside,
 And clear the stormy sky?

4.

Thee o'er all height exalted, Thee
 The deeps revere; at thy decree
 The waves their rage resign;
 Fix'd are the laws by Thee ordain'd,
 And truth and sanctity unstain'd
 Adorn thy awful shrine.

PSALM XCIV.

Instructive afflictions.

1.

BLESS'd is the man, whom Thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise;
And by thy sacred rules to walk,
Dost lovingly advise.

2.

This man shall rest and safety find,
In seasons of distress,
Whilst God prepares a pit for those,
Who stubbornly transgress.

3.

For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

4.

The world shall then confess Thee just,
In all that Thou hast done,
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those ways go on.

PSALM XCV.

Praise to God.

1.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing
Loud thanks to our Almighty King:

D

For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2.

Before his presence let us pay
The tribute and the grateful lay,
And while his acts our mirth inspire,
Wake to his praise the vocal lyre.

3.

Extended wide beyond all bound,
Beyond all height, his power is found.
Nor lords with him, nor gods beside
The honours of his throne divide.

4.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before our Lord and Maker fall.

PSALM C.—First Version.

Praise to our Creator.

1.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with chearful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

2.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;

We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3.

O enter then his gates with praise;
And let his courts with joy resound.
Praise, thank, and bleis our Lord always,
With glory let his name be crown'd.

4.

For He, the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood;
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM C.—Second Version.

Praise to our Creator.

1.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their chearful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth;
And sing before him songs of praise.

2.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooseth for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,

D 2

And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises blest.

4.

For he's the Lord supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure,
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM C. Third Version.

Praise to our Creator.

1.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2.

His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;

Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM CIV.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

THY care, great God, sustains us all:—

When urg'd by hunger's furious call,
Expectant of the known supply,
To Thee we lift th' imploring eye.—

We reap from thy extended hand,
Whate'er our various wants demand;
If Thou the vital air deny,
Behold we sicken, faint and die:

But soon thy bounteous hand supplies;
She sees a new-born race arise;
Sees o'er her regions scatter'd wide,
Thy gracious hand its gifts divide.

Then, O my soul, the hymn of praise,
In loudest notes triumphant raise;
And let consenting nations join
To bless with me His name divine.

PSALM CV.

Thanksgiving.

O RENDER thanks and bless the Lord;

Invoke his sacred name;

Acquaint the nations with his deeds,

His matchless deeds proclaim.

2.

Sing to his praise in lofty hymns;

His world's works rehearse;

Make them the theme of your discourse,

And subject of your verse.

3.

Rejoice in his Almighty Name,

Alone to be ador'd;

And let their heart o'erflow with joy,

That humbly seek the Lord.

4.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength

Devoutly still implore;

And, where he's ever present, seek

His face for evermore.

PSALM CVI.

Praise to God, on Communion with Saints.

LET songs of joy to God ascend,

Whose love nor limit knows, nor end.

Awake the song, awake th' string,
And thankful praise th' Immortal King.

2.

But Ch, what tongue in equal lay
His acts can speak, His praise display?
Thrice happy, who with steadfast will
The dictates of His law fulfil!

3.

With these, Thy chosen flock, assign'd
May I my lot for ever find;
O grant me, Lord, with these to prove
The pow'r of Thy redeeming Love:

4.

And, while Thy mercy on our heads
The fulness of its blessing sheds,
With these th' accepted hymn to sing
To Thee, my Saviour, Thee my King!

PSALM CVIII.

A Psalm of Praise.

1.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy Name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

2.

Awake my lute, nor thou my harp
Thy tuneful notes delay;

Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

3.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell:
And to those nations sing Thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

4.

Because Thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends;
And far above th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

PSALM, CXI.

The Perfection of God.

MY soul with sacred zeal inspir'd,
Shall wake to God the thankful strain,
In secret with his saints retir'd,
And midst fair Sion's crouded fane.

2.

Great are his works: with studious aim
Each faithful heart those works has trac'd;
His deeds shall highest honour claim,
His equity for ever last.

3.

His wonders to the grateful sense
In sweet memorial stand confest:

For boundless grace his hands dispense, and
And tenderest pity warms his breast.

4.

His love the souls to him ally'd
With food of heavenly growth has fill'd,
Nor suffers from his thought to slide
The promise to his people seal'd.

PSALM CXII.

The blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

THREE happy men who fear the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
Honour and peace his days attend
And blessings to his seed descend.

2.

His justice free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

3.

Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd;
He lends the poor some present aid—
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

4.

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd
His glory's future harvest sow'd;

Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

PSALM CXIII.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

1.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless,
Wheree'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

2.

God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
With him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which He dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

3.

Though 'tis beneath his state to view,
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

PSALM CXVI.

Recovery from Sickneſs.

1.

MY ſoul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is poſſeſſ'd;
Because the Lord vouchſaf'd to hear
The voice of my requeſt.

2.

Since he hath now His ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the ſtraits of life
To Him addreſs my prayer.

3.

When death alarm'd me, He remov'd
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling He ſecur'd,
And dry'd my eyes from tears.

4.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in praiſes to His name,
And in His ſervice ſpend.

PSALM CXVIII.—Part the Firſt.

Public Thanks for Private Deliverance.

1.

O Praise the Lord, for He is good,
His mercies ne'er decay;

That his kind favours ever last,
May thankful Israel say.

2.

To God I made my humble moan,
With troubles quite oppress'd;
And he releas'd me from my straits,
And granted my request.

3.

Since therefore God doth on my side
So graciously appear,
Why should the vain attempts of man
Possess my soul with fear?

4.

Far better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human pow'r
For safety to depend.

PSALM CXVIII.—Part the Second.

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

OPEN ye wide the temple-gates,
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in and praise
My great deliverer there.

12.

Within those gates of God's abode,
To which the righteous press,

Since Thou hast heard, and set me free,
Thy holy name be praised.

3.

That which the builders once raised,
Is now the corner-stone;
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

4.

This day is God's, let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice;
Lord we beseech Thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

PSALM CXIX.—Part the First.

The happiness of Saints.

1.

HOW blest are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths,
Of God's commandments stray.

2.

How blest, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been,
And have with fervent humble zeal
His favour sought to win!

3.

Such men their utmost caution use,
To shun each wicked deed;

But in the path which he directs,
With constant care proceed.

4.

Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn Thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

PSALM CXIX—Part the Second.

Obedience to God's Will.

1.

THOU strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

2.

O then that Thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside!
And I the course of all my life
By Thy directions guide!

3.

Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinc'd with joy that all my ways
With Thy commands agree.

4.

My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill,

When, by Thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learn'd Thy will.

PSALM CXIX.—Part the Third.

God's Word the best Guide.

INSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display,
And I from them through all my life
Will never go astray.

2.

If Thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep Thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

3.

Do Thou to Thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart.
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From Thee my thoughts divert.

4.

From those vain objects turn mine eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep Thy righteous ways.

PSALM CXIX.—Part the Fourth.

Ho'y Resolutions.

1.

THY constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
To cheer my drooping heart;

To me according to Thy words,
Thy saving health impart.

2.

So I to keep Thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend,
From age to age my time to come,
In their observance spend.

3.

E'er long I trust to walk at large,
From all incumbrance free,
Since I resolve to make my life
With Thy commands agree.

4.

My longing heart and ravish'd soul
Shall both be flow with joy,
When in Thy lov'd commandments I
My happy hours employ.

PSALM CXIX.—Part the Fifth.

Observance of God's Word.

1.

O LORD, my God, my portion Thou,
And sure possession art,
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.

2.

With all the strength of warm desire,
I did Thy grace implore;

Disclose, according to Thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.

3
With due reflection and strict care
On all my ways I thought,
And so reclaim'd to Thy just paths
My wand'ring steps I brought.

4
I lost no time,—to execute
Thy will made no delay;
Resolv'd from henceforth never more
From Thy commands to stray.

PSALM CXIX.—Part the Sixth.

Benefit of Afflictions.

BEFORE affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd
Thy precepts to obey.

2.
Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou do'st is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
Thy saving skill bestow.

3.
While others swoln with prosp'rous ills
In sensual pleasures live,

My soul can relish no delight,
But what thy precepts give.

4.

'Tis good for me that I have felt,
Affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I may duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.

PSALM CXIX.—Part the Seventh.

Prayer for Enlivening Grace.

1.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will!

2.

O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3.

From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;

Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM CXXI.

God our Preserver.

SHELTER'D beneath th' Almighty's wings,
My soul securely rest;
There neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day nor night molest.

2.

From common accidents of life
His care shall guard thee still;
From the blind stroke of chance, and foes
That lie in wait to kill.

3.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

E 2

PSALM XXXII.

Delight in attending the Temple of God.

1.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
 Thy presence to adore :
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing step thy courts ascend,
 And tread the hallow'd floor.

2.

Ev'n now to our transported eyes
 Fair Sion's tow'rs in prospect rise ;
 Within her gates we stand,
 And, lost in wonder and delight,
 Behold her happy sons unite
 In friendship's firmest band.

3.

Seat of my friends and breth'ren, hail !
 How can my tongue, O Salem, fail
 To bless thy lov'd abode ?
 How cease the zeal that in me glows
 Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
 The mansion of my God ?

PSALM CXXV.

The Saints Trial and Safety.

1.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
 Like Sion's rock shall stand,

Like her immoveable be fix'd
By his Almighty hand.

2.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem inclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints
To guard them from their foes.

3.

Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds effect,
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

4.

All those who walk in crooked paths,
The Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXX.

Pardoning Grace.

1.

MY soul with patience waits
For thee the living Lord:
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

2.

My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,

More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

3.

Let If'el trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows:
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows:

4.

Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXIII.

Brotherly Love.

HOW blest the sight, the joy how sweet,
When brothers join'd with brothers meet,
In bands of mutual love!

Less sweet the liquid fragrance, shed
On Aaron's consecrated head,
Ran trickling from above.

2

And reach'd his beard, and reach'd his vest;
Less sweet the dew on Hermon's breast,

Or Sion's hill descend:
That hill has God with blessings crown'd;

3

There promis'd grace that knows no bound,
And life that knows no end.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Praise to the Majesty of God.

LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your Heav'nly King:
For His blessings far extend,
And His mercy knows no end.

2.

Be the Lord your only theme,
Who of gods is God supreme;

For His, &c.

3.

Who asserts his just command
By the wonders of his hand;

For His, &c.

4.

He, who bade the wat'ry deep
Under earth's foundation sleep.

For His, &c.

5.

Lift your voice and thankful sing
Praise to heav'n's eternal King:

For His blessings far extend,

And His mercy knows no end.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Restoring and preserving Grace.

1. **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my maker in my song;
 Let angels hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

2.
 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of Thy word:
 Not all thy various works below
 So much Thy pow'r and glory shew.

3.
 The God of heav'n in lofty state,
 Disdains the proud, and scorns the great:
 But from His throne looks down to see
 The sons of humble poverty.

4.
 Amidst a thousand snares we stand,
 Upheld and guarded by His hand;
 His words our fainting souls revive;
 He keeps our dying faith alive.

PSALM CXXXIX.—Part the First.

The Omniscience of God.

1. **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known,
 My rising up, and lying down,

My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd word's intent.

3.

Surrounded by Thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find Thy hand;
O skill for human reach too high,
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

4.

O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting Thee;
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun;
Or whither from thy presence run?

PSALM CXXXIX.—Part the Second.

The Omnipresence of God.

1.

O COULD I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting Thee:
Where shall I shun thy wakeful eye,
Or whither from thy spirit fly.

2.

Aloft to heav'n my course I bear;
In vain—for Thou my God, art there;

If down to hell's infernal plains!—
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

3.

If I the morning-wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4.

Perchance within its thickest veil
The darkness shall my head conceal:
But, instant, Thou hast chas'd away
The gloom, and round me pour'd the day.

5.

Darkness, great God, to Thee there's none;
Darkness and light to Thee are one;
Nor brighter shines to thee display'd,
The noon, than night's obscurest shade.

PSALM CXXXIX.—Part the Third.

The wonderful formation of Man.

1.

THOU know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins and ev'ry vital part;
Each single thread in nature's loom
Thou, Lord, didst cover in the womb.

2.

I'll praise Thee from whose hands I came
A work of such a curious frame;

The wonders Thou in me hast shewn,
My soul with grateful joy shall own.

3.

With what delight, great God, I trace
The acts of thy stupendous grace!
To count them, were to count the sand
That lies upon the sea-beat strand.

4.

When from my temples sleep retires,
To thee my thankful heart aspires,
And with thy sacred presence blest
Joys to receive the awful guest.

5.

Search thou, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in the perfect way.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint under heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body

1.

LOOK down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

2.

Aloft my suppliant hands I spread;
Nor more the glebe, its moisture shed;

Longs the descending show'r to see,
Than thirsts my wearied soul for Thee.

3.

The night is witness to my tears;
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my drooping soul rejoice!

4.

In Thee I trust, to Thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

PSALM CXLV.

The greatness of God.

1.

THEE will I bless my God and King,
Nor cease thy wond'rous acts to sing
From earliest morn to latest eve,
Thy praises on my tongue shall live,

2.

My God and King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
To Thee my harp shall wake each string,
Nor cease thy wond'rous acts to sing.

3.

The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,

And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done to Thee.

4.

But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Great and unsearchable thy ways:
Great and immortal be thy praise!

PSALM CXLVI.—Part the First.

Praise for God's Protection.

1.

O PRAISE the Lord, and thou my soul,
For ever bless his name;
His wond'rous love while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

2.

On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help supply.

3.

Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,
And there neglected lie,
And all their thoughts and vain designs,
Together with them die.

4.

Then happy he who Jacob's God,
For his Protector takes;

Who still with well plac'd hope the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

PSALM CXLVI.—Part the Second.

Praise for God's Protection.

HAPPY the man whose hopes rely
On H'r'el's God: who made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
Whose truth for ever stands secure:
Who saves th' oppress'd, who feeds the poor,
Whose promise none e'er sought in vain.

2.

The Lord gives sight unto the blind:
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner his release.

3.

He loves his faints, he knows them well;
But strikes the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM CXLVIII.—Part the First.

Universal Praise to God.

1.
YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:

Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim,
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2.
Thou moon that rul'st the night,
Thou sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To Him your homage pay.

His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move,
In liquid air.

3.
Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose Almighty word,
They all from nothing came.

And all shall last,
From changes free;
For His decree
Stands ever fast,

PSALM CXLVIII.—Part the Second.

Universal Praise to God.

1.

UNITED zeal be shewn,
 God's wond'rous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise :

Earth's utmost ends

His pow'r obey ;

His glorious sway

The sky transcends.

2.

His chosen saints to grace,

He sets them up on high,

And favours Isr'els race

Who still to him are nigh.

O therefore raise

Your grateful voice

And still rejoice

The Lord to praise.

3.

To God the Father's throne

Perpetual honours raise ;

Glory to God the Son ;

To God the Spirit praise ;

With all our pow'rs

Eternal King,

Thy name we sing,

While Faith adores.

PSALM CXLIX.

Praise to God from all his Saints.

1.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing.
 In our great Creator
 Let Isr'el rejoice;
 And children of Zion,
 Be glad in their King.

2.

Let them his great name
 Extol in the dance;
 With timbrel and harp
 His praises express:
 Who always takes pleasure
 His saints to advance,
 And with his salvation
 The humble to bless.

3.

By angels in heav'n
 Of ev'ry degree;
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be address'd,
 To God in three persons,
 One God ever bless'd;

F

As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

PSALM CL.

A song of Praise.

1.

PRAISE, O praise, the name divine;
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine,
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

2.

Be the harp no longer mute;
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute;
Wake to life each tuneful string,
Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring:

3.

Let the organ in His praise
Learn its loudest notes to raise,
And the cymbal's varying sound
From the vaulted roof rebound.

4.

All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join:
Praise, O praise, the name divine.

HYMNS.—Part II.

For ADVENT.

HYMN I.

God always the same.

1.
THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race,
Before the ample elements

Fill'd up the void of space:

2.
Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd Thy wond'rous name,
Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life!
Thy glory was the same.

3.
And when the pillars of the world
With sudden-rum break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

4.
When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back;
And all the trembling stars on high;
Their ancient course forsake;

5.
For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,

Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall Thy existence be.

HYMN II.

For ADVENT.

*Pardon through Christ—Source of Comfort at
the last Day.*

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my maker face to face,
Oh! how shall I appear!

But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN III.

FOR ADVENT.

Death and Judgment.

1.

HEAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die:

One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2.

Once must we die, and once for all,

The solemn purport weigh:

For know that heav'n and hell depend,

On that important day.

3.

Those eyes so long in darkness veil'd

Must wake the judge to see,

And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought

Must pass His scrutiny.

4.

O may we in the Judge behold,

Our Saviour and our Friend,

And far beyond the reach of death

With all his saints ascend.

E 3

HYMN IV.
FOR ADVENT.*Every Thought, Word, and Action will be judged.*

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye,
Strikes through the shades of night:
And our most secret actions lie.
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit;
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

And all the crimes that we have done
Will then be publish'd there;
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear.

Lord, at thy foot ashamed we lie,
Upward we dare not look;
Pardon our sins before we die,
And blot them from thy book.

HYMN V.
FOR ADVENT.*Christ coming to Judgment.*

O TELL to all whom earth sustains,
O tell them that Jehovah reigns;

That all who issue from its womb,
Receive from him, th' unerring doom.

2.

Exult ye heavens, exult O earth :
And partner in the sacred mirth,
Let ocean in its fulness rise,
And thunder to the distant skies.

3.

Ye birds, for joy, lift up your voice,
Rich in his gifts, ye fields rejoice,
Exult and hail with holy nod,
The presence of th' approaching God.

4.

He comes in awful pomp array'd,
He comes to judge the world He made,
Truth shall with him the cause decide,
And equity His sentence guide.

HYMN VI.

The Circumstances of Christ's second Advent.

1.

MY waken'd soul extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things,
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2.

This wreck of nature all around,
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound;

Loud the descending Judge proclaim
And echo his tremendous name.

3.

Children of dust we all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar:
For as his lips pronounce, we go
To endless bliss or endless woe.

4

Lord, to mine eyes this scene display
Frequent through each revolving day,
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there.

HYMN VII.

FOR ADVENT.

The last Day.

1.

THE day approacheth, O my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2.

Another day more awful dawns;
And lo, the Judge appears!
Ye heavens retire before his face,
And sink, ye darken'd stars.

3.

Yet doth one short preparing hour,
One precious hour remain;

Rouse then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

4.

For this thy temple, Lord, we throng;

For this we Thee surround:

Here may our service be approv'd,

And in thy presence crown'd!

HYMN VIII.

For CHRISTMAS.

1.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,

Let earth receive her King:

Let every heart prepare him room,

And heaven and nature sing.

2.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,

Let men their songs employ,

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,

Repeat the sounding joy.

3.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infect the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow,

Far as the curse is found.

4.

Blest be the Lord who sent his Son

To take our flesh and blood,

He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

HYMN IX.

Song of the Angels at the Birth of Christ,

1.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
To awake a chearful song.

2.

Good-will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n!

3.

Justice and grace with sweet accord;
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
To hail a Saviour born!

4.

Glory to God in highest strains!
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

5.

When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns,

And learn of the celestial choir,
Their own immortal strains?

HYMN X.—For Christmas Day.

CHRISTIANS awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born,
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chaunted from above,
With them the joyful tidings first began,
Of God incarnate and the virgin's son.

2.
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heav'n's whole orb with hallelujahs rang,
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and mutual good-will:
To David's city straight the shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man.

3
They to their flocks, still praising God return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn!
Let us like these good shepherds thus employ,
Our grateful voices to proclaim our joy;
Like Mary let us ponder in our mind,
God's wond'rous love in saving lost mankind.

4.
Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing redeem'd a glad triumphant song,

He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display :
Sav'd by his love incessant we shall sing.
All glory be to God, our heav'nly king.

HYMN XI.

Nativity of Christ.

HARK, the herald angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King,
" Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
" God and sinner's reconcil'd ;"
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

2.

Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb :
Veil'd in flesh the godhead he,
Hail th' incarnate Deity :
Pleas'd as man with man appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
Hark, the herald, &c.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Hail the Son of Righteousness,
Light and life to all he brings,

Ris'n with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,

Born that man no more should die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,

Born to give them second birth,
Hark, the herald, &c.

HYMN for *Christmas Day*.—Part the First.

O ALL ye nations of the earth,
With joy your voices raise,
And join in hymns of gratitude
To God's eternal praise!

What day hath dawn'd so blest as this,
E'er since the world began?

O! happy, happy, happy day,
To miserable man!

2.

Subdu'd perdition from her throne,
This day th' Almighty hurl'd;
And in his boundless mercy sent

The Saviour of the world:
Dear, blest Redeemer! let each tongue

Thy wond'rous love proclaim,
And every vocal hill and dale,

Resound thy sacred name.

3.
Sing all ye chorists of the grove,
His praises to enhance;
And let the conscious trees aroundy
Rejoice in social dance;
Let savage beasts that range the woods,
Their sportive tribute yield;
And let a general joy appear,
In ev'ry blissful field.

4.
Let spacious ocean's finny tribe,
Their sov'reign Maker bless,
And by their gambols o'er the deep,
Their praise to Him express.
Let all creation's ample round
In choral praise be join'd;
To gratulate His birth, which brought
Salvation to mankind.

HYMN XII.—Part the Second.

For Christmas Day.

1.
O ALL ye nations of the earth,
With joy your voices raise,
And join in hymns of gratitude
To God's eternal praise!
What day hath dawn'd so blest as this,
E'er since the world began?

O! happy, happy, happy day,
To miserable man!

2.

Oh! what a world of woe was this!

To wrath divine expos'd;

Distress and horror all around,

Our wretched state disclos'd.

The sons of men were ever lost,

Eternally undone;

Ere God compassionately sent

His ever blessed Son.

3.

Inevitably were we doom'd

In endless pains to dwell;

Oh! who for ever could endure

The agonies of hell?

And when whole ages we had spent

In darkness, fire, and chains;

It was not in the pow'r of time

To mitigate our pains.

4.

But this glad morn (blest change of state!

Whence joy extatic springs,)

The Son of Righteousness arose,

With healing on his wings;

He rose all glorious to dispense

His salutary grace;

And crown with everlasting life

The dying human race.

5.
 O! God, to send thine only Son,
 What love immense was this!
 To free us from eternal woe,
 And give us endless bliss!
 All adoration, thanks, and praise,
 To Thee, blest God, be giv'n!
 Good, tender Father of the earth,
 Great glorious King of heav'n!

HYMN XIII.

For the New Year.

1.
 O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope in years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

2.
 To thee we pay our yearly vow
 Of humble thanks and praise;
 To thee we freely offer now
 The remnant of our days.

3.
 Lord, if our sins are counted o'er,
 They strike us with surprise,
 Not all the sands upon the shore
 To equal numbers rise.

4.
Teach us to feel our guilty state,
To view the path we've have trod;
Teach us to sue at mercy's gate,
Before we meet our God.

HYMN XIV.

For the New Year.

1.
AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2.
Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift the passing moments run,
Of those which yet remain.

3.
Awake, my soul, with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern.

4.
Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.

5.
Devoutly yield thyself to God;
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN XV.

For the New Year.

1.
GREAT God, we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shews:
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2.
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3.
With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown;
We to thy guardian care commit,
And humbly bow before Thy feet.

4.
In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be Thou our joy, be Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

5.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence all our tongues,
Our helper Thou, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN XVI.

For the New Year.

1.

GOD of my life, Thy constant care,
With blessings crowns each opening year,
Thou dost this guilty life prolong,
And wake anew my annual song.

2.

Ah! me, alas, whose souls are fled,
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun,
Thro' his last yearly period run.

3.

We yet survive; but who can say,
Or thro' the year, or month, or day,
I will retain this vital breath,
Thus far at least in league with death?

4.

To Thee our spirits we resign,
Make them, and own them, still as Thine;
So shall they rest secure from fear,
Tho' death should blast the rising year.

Thy children, eager to be gone,
 Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,
 And land them on the happy shore,
 Where years and death are known no more.

HYMN XVII.

For the EPIPHANY.

1.
SONS of men, behold from far,
 Hail the long expected star,
 Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
 Guide's bewilder'd nature right.

2.
 Mild he shines on all below,
 Piercing thro' the shades of woe,
 Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
 Kindling darkness into light.

3.
 Sing, ye morning stars again:
 God descends on earth to reign;
 Deigns for man his life to employ;
 Shout ye sons of God for joy.

4.
 Nations all far off and near,
 Haste, to see your God appear!
 Haste, for Him your hearts prepare;
 Meet Him manifested there!

HYMN XVIII.—For the EPIPHANY.

God the God of the Gentiles.

LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalms of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name !
His glory let the heathens know
His wonders to the nations shew
And all his saving works proclaim.

2.

The heathens know Thy goodness, Lord,
The wond'ring nations read Thy word ;
E'en here Thy glorious name is known :
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made ;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3.

He fram'd the globe, He built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high
And reigns complete in glory there ;
His beams are majesty and light :
His beauties how divinely bright !
His temple how divinely fair !

4.

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel His saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear His name ;

Then shall their race of man confess
The beauty of His holiness,
And in His courts His grace proclaim.

HYMN XIX.

For the EPIPHANY.

1.

WE sing the bright and morning star,
(Jesus, the spring of light and love)
See how its rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.

2.

Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
Point out the pious Christian's way;
Still as he goes he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

3.

Thus when the eastern Magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears,
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps and calms their fears.

4.

When shall we reach the heav'nly place,
Where this bright star will brighten mine;
Leave, far behind those scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine!

HYMN XX.

For the EPIPHANY.

1.

GREAT Father of mankind,
 We bless that wond'rous grace,
 Which could from Gentiles find,
 Within thy courts a place.

How kind the care

Our God displays,

For us to raise,

A house of pray'r!

2.

Tho' once estranged far,

We now approach Thy throne;

For Jesus brings us near,

And makes our cause his own;

Strangers no more,

To Thee we come,

And find our home,

And rest secure.

3.

May all the nations throng

To worship in Thy house:

And Thou attend the song,

And gracious hear their vows

G 4

Indulgent still!
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill. — *Gloria Patri.*

HYMN XXI.

For the EPIPHANY.

1.

WE sing the deep mysterious plan,
Which God devis'd ere time began,
And now has shewn in glorious light :
We bless the wond'rous birth of love,
Which beams around us from above,
With grace so free, and hope so bright.

2.

Here has the wise Eternal Mind,
In Christ, their common head, conjoin'd
Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heav'n :
Thro' Him, from the great Father's throne,
Rivers of blifs come rolling down,
And endless peace and life are giv'n.

3.

While we expect that glorious sight,
Love shall our hearts with theirs unite,
And ardent hope our bosoms raise :
From this our frail abode of clay,
To those resplendent realms of day,
Our lips shall joyful sound his praise.

HYMN XXII.

For LENT.*

A Penitential Supplication.

1.

THOU sacred Pow'r, in heav'n above,
Eternal and supreme!

Accept the faint address we make,

To thy adored name.

2.

Pierc'd with the deepest sense of guilt,

We bow before thy throne;

And humbly hope for pardoning grace,

Through thy beloved Son.

3.

O may that grace our hearts incline,

To keep that heav'nly road:

Tho' all the pow'rs of earth combine.

To wean our hearts from God.

4.

Sinful we are, and oft offend,

Against thy just command,

And yet protection still we find,

From thy supporting hand.

* Other Portions proper for Lent, are the 4th, 13th, 25th, Part II, 30th, 32nd, 34th, 42nd, 51st, 94th, 119th, Part IV, 119th, Part VI, 119th, Part VII, 130th, and 143rd.

HYMN XXIII.

FOR LENT.

A Penitential Supplication.

1.

THOU sacred pow'r, in heav'n above,
 Eternal and supreme!
 Accept the faint address we make,
 To thy adored name.

2.

Pierc'd with the deepest sense of guilt,
 We bow before thy throne,
 And humbly hope for pard'ning grace,
 Through thy beloved Son.

3.

The amazing debt to Thee we owe,
 Increases ev'ry day;
 And yet a few repenting tears,
 Is all we can repay.

4.

Thy tender mercies, Lord, bestow;
 Our many sins remove:
 And ev'ry stubborn heart subdue
 With thy forgiving love.

HYMN XXIV.

FOR LENT.

Deliverance from secret and presumptuous Sins.

1.

CLEANSE me, Lord, from guilt that lies,
 Wrapt within my heart's disguise;

Let me hence by Thee renewed
Each presumptuous sin exclude.

2.

Let my tongue from error free,
Speak but words approved by Thee;
To thy all-observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted be.

3.

So my lot shall never be joined
With the many whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.

4.

While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear;
God, my strength, propitious hear.

HYMN XXV.

FOR PALM SUNDAY.

BLESS, O my soul, th' eternal God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2.

'Tis He, my soul, that sent his Son;
To die for crimes which thou hast done;

Let not the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot.

3.

The vices of the mind he heals;
He cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.

4.

Our youth decay'd His pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouths with good,
And fills our souls with heav'nly food.

5.

Let the whole earth His pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore His grace:
Both Jew and Gentile then shall join
In work and worship so divine.

HYMN XXVI.

For GOOD FRIDAY.

1.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!

All the vain things that charm'd me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN XXVII.

For GOOD FRIDAY.

1.

OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb!
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And grateful as his dying love.

2.

Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
And pours his life upon the ground,
To ransom guilty souls from death!

3.

In him we wash our deepest stains;
And heal our wounds with heavenly blood:

Bless'd fountain springing from the veins
Of Jesus our incarnate God:

In vain, O Saviour, do we strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN XXVIII

For GOOD FRIDAY.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How great the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for me!

Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail afunder breaks—
The solid marbles rend.

'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid—
"Receive my soul," he cries!
See, where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

But soon he'll break death's envious chain
And in full glory shine:

O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN XXIX.

For GOOD FRIDAY.

1.

WHY doth the sun withdraw its light
And darkness veil the skies?
A sun far brighter sets in blood;
See nature sympathize.

2.

Jesus expires! the Lord of life
And glory yields his breath,
To save the guilty race of man
From sorrow, sin, and death!

3.

View him extended on the cross,
Of impious men the scorn,
His body rack'd with tort'ring pains
Unpitied and forlorn!

4.

Learn, O my soul, from this dire scene,
How vast that guilt must be,
Which nail'd the spotless Son of God,
To the accursed tree.

5.

The Saviour trust, thy sins bewail
With penitential sighs.

He'll guide thee safe thro' death's dark vale
To realms beyond the skies.

HYMN XXX.

*For the Evening of GOOD FRIDAY, or any
Evening after the Sacrament.*

1.

NOW we have seen and blest our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
With his dear Saviour in his arms.

2.

Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy word depart in peace.

3.

Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.

HYMN XXVI.

FOR EASTER.

Hope of a joyful Resurrection.

1.

FATHER of all! my soul defend;
On Thee my steadfast hopes depend,

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In all my acts, in each intent,
Thee to my soul my thoughts present.

2.

On Thee my heart, on Thee my tongue,
Shall meditate the joyful song:
And tho' (Thy will has thus ordain'd)
My flesh to death's dark shades must tend.

3.

Yet hope e'en there, its constant guest,
Shall smoothe the pillow of my rest:
Thou from the grave my soul shall claim,
Still, still to praise thy glorious name.

4.

In me thy spirit dwells inshrind,
Tho' to corruption's pow'r resign'd—
Thou to my eyes, in full survey,
The paths of life shall still display.

5.

Those paths that to thy presence bear;
For plenitude of bliss is there,
And pleasures, Lord, unmix'd with woe,
At thy right hand for ever flow.

HYMN XXXXI.

FOR EASTER DAY.

1.

JESUS Christ is ris'n to day, Hallelujah,
Our triumphant holy day, Hal-

Hallelujah

Who so lately on the cross, Hal.
Suffer'd to redeem our loss, Hal.

2.

Hymns of praises let us sing, Hal.
Unto Christ our heav'nly King, Hal.
Who endured both cross and grave, Hal.
Sinners to redeem and save, Hal.

3.

But the pains which he endur'd, Hal.
Our salvation has procur'd; Hal.
Now he reigns above the sky, Hal.
Where the angels ever cry—Hallelujah.

HYMN XXXIII.

FOR EASTER.

1.

LO, the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land!
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
By His vindictive hand.

2.

He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3.

Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break the Egyptian yoke;

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Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And escapes the angel stroke,
Jesus our passover Lamb,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

HYMN XXXIV.

FOR EASTER.

Our Saviour's Resurrection.

1.
CHRIST; the Lord, is risen to day,
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, thou earth reply.

2.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

3.
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal:
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4.

Lives again our glorious King :

Where, O death, is now thy sting ?

Once he died our souls to save :

Where's thy victory, O grave ?

5.

Soar we now where Christ hath led;

Following our exalted head;

Made like him, like him we rise;

Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN XXXV.—For EASTER.

Our Saviour's Resurrection.

JESUS, who died a world to save,

Revives and rises from the grave,

By his almighty pow'r :

From sin, and death, and hell set free,

He captive leads captivity.

And lives to die no more.

2.

Children of God, look up and see

Your Saviour cloth'd with majesty,

Triumphant o'er the tomb ;

Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,

In heav'n your mansions he prepares,

And soon will take you home.

3.

His church is still his joy and crown,

He looks with love and pity down

On her he did redeem:

He shares her joys, he feels her woes,

And prays that she may spoil her foes,

And ever reign with him.

4.

O may we all from sin awake,

And all in heav'n our places take,

Near our exalted head!

May all our souls to heav'n aspire,

In thought, in will, in strong desire,

To carnal pleasures dead.

HYMN XXXVI.

For EASTER.

1.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light,

Awakes the kindling ray;

Unseals the eyelids of the morn,

And pours increasing day.

2.

O what a night was that which wrapt,

The heathen world in gloom!

O what a sun which broke this day,

Triumphant from the tomb!

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3.

This day, be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung,
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

4.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

HYMN XXXVII.

FOR EASTER.

I.

YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes,
High rais'd his conquering head.
In wild dismay
The guards around,
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2.

Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet
To wait his high commands
And worship at His feet.

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Joyful they come,
And wing their way,
From realms of day,
To Jesus tomb.

3.
All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'd us with thy blood?
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!

With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain,
Beyond the skies.

4.
To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise:
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:

And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our Faith adores
The name we sing.

HYMN XXXVIII.

For EASTER.

1.
BLEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
Blest be, &c.

The Justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore,
And save our ruin'd race.

Chorus. That join'd, &c.

2.

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son,
Blest be, &c.
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

Chorus. He for, &c.

3.

We honour'd all his Father's laws,
He honour'd, &c.
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross
And our full ransom paid.

Chorus. He bore, &c.

4.

Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him, &c.
Behold him rais'd on high!
He pleads his merit there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

Chorus. He pleads, &c.

5.

Thence shall the Lord to Judgment come,
Thence, &c.
And with a lov'reign voice,

Shall call and break up ev'ry tomb,

While waking saints rejoice.

Chorus. Shall call, &c.

6.

O then may we with joy appear,

O then, &c.

Before the Judge's face;

And with the blest assembly there,

Extol redeeming grace,

Chorus. And with, &c.

HYMN XXXIX.—For EASTER*.

1.

FULFIL thy promise, gracious Lord,

On us assembled here;

Send forth thy spirit with the word,

And cause the dead to hear.

2.

Preserve the pow'r of faith alive

In those who love thy name:

For Sin and Satan daily strive

To quench the sacred flame.

3.

Thy pow'r and mercy first prevail'd,

From death to set us free:

And often since our life had fail'd,

If not renew'd by Thee.

* Other Portions proper for Easter, are Psalms 88th, 89th,
Part II.

4.
To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection, Thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

HYMN XL.—For the ASCENSION.

1.
O FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2.
Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3.
While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4.
Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a faithless tongue.

HYMN L.—For the ASCENSION.

1. **E**RECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory; see he comes
With his celestial train.

2.
Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord for strength renown'd,
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

3.
Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In state to entertain
The King of Glory; see, he comes
With all his shining train.

4.
Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd:
Of Glory He alone is King,
Who is with Glory crown'd.

HYMN LL.—For the ASCENSION.

1.
O ALL ye people clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God the universal King.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let each heart for joy rebound.

3.
Your utmost skill in praise be shewn,
For him who all the world commands,
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

4.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

HYMN LII — For the ASCENSION.

The Exaltation of Christ.

1.
COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2.
"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine,
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN - LIII.

For the Assistance of the Holy Spirit.

1.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind:
Come, pour thy joys on human kind,

2.

Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3.

Our frailties help, our vice controul,
 Subject the senses to the soul;
 From sin and sorrow set us free;
 And make us temples worthy Thee.

4.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe;
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow!
 And lest our feet should slip astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

5.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practice all that we believe;
 Give us Thyself: that we may see
 The Father and the Son by Thee.

HYMN LIV.—FOR WHITSUNDAY.

1.

REJOICE, rejoice, ye fallen race,
 The day of Pentecost is come;
 Expect the sure descending grace,
 Open your hearts to make him room.

2.

Our Jesus is gone up on high,
 For us the blessing to receive,
 It now comes streaming from the sky,
 The Spirit comes and sinners live.

3.

Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill this place.

4.

Behold, to Thee our souls aspire
And long the blest descent to feel;
Kindle in each the living fire,
And stamp on ev'ry heart thy seal.

HYMN LV.

For WHITSUNDAY.

GREAT Father of each perfect gift,

Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2.

O shed abroad that gracious gift,
Thy spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light
And fire our hearts with love.

3.

With speedy flight may he descend,
And heav'nly comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all reviving wing.

4.

Blest earnest of eternal joy,
 Declare our sins forgiv'n;
 And bear with energy divine.
 Our raptur'd thoughts to heav'n.

HYMN LVI.

FOR WHITSUNDAY.

1.

HE's come, let ev'ry knee be bow'd,
 All hearts new joy resume;
 Let nations all proclaim aloud,
 The Comforter is come.
 Chorus. Let nations, &c.

2.

No anxious thoughts molest our peace;
 This day all griefs retire:
 Let ev'ry fear for ever cease,
 And ev'ry doubt expire.
 Let nations, &c.

3.

What greater gift, what greater love,
 Can God on man bestow?
 'Tis half the angel's joy above
 And all our blifs below.
 Let nations, &c.

HYMN LVII.—For WHITSUNDAY.

1.
FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to live and move,
That pow'r by which our Saviour rose
Victorious from the grave.

2.
We triumph in that Saviour's name,
Still watchful for our good;
Who brought th' eternal covenant down,
And seal'd it with his blood.

3.
So may thy spirit seal our soul,
And form it to thy will;
That our vain hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy promise still.

4.
Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near Thy throne.

HYMN LVIII.—For WHITSUNDAY.

1.
FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe;

One bright celestial ray send down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2.

While in thy word we search for Thee,
(We search with trembling awe;)

Open our eyes and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3.

Now let our darkness comprehend,
The light that shines so clear:

Now the revealing spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4.

Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know:

Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

HYMN LIX.—FOR WHITSUNDAY.

1.

ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace:

'Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2.

Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;

'Thine inward comforts make us know,
Our danger and our comfort too.

3.

Thy pow'r and glory work within;
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our lusts imperious, O subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4.

The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the furies of the mind.

HYMN LX.—For the HOLY TRINITY.

1.

HAIL! holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Be endless praise to Thee!
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

2.

To Thee by mystic pow'rs on high
Were humble praises giv'n;
When John beheld with favour'd eye
The inhabitants of heav'n.

3.

All that the name of creature owns,
To Thee in hymns aspire;
May we, as angels, on our thrones
For ever join the choir.

Hail, holy, holy, ^{4.}holy, Lord!
 Be endless praise to Thee!
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In co-eternal Three!

HYMN LXI.
For the HOLY TRINITY.

I GIVE immortal praise,
 To God the Father's love,
 For all my comforts here,
 And better hopes above:
 He sent his own
 Eternal Son,
 To die for ^{his} sins,
 That man had done.

^{2.}
 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe:
 And now he lives
 And now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit
 Of all his pains.

^{3.}
 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,

Whose new creating pow'r

Makes the dead sinner live,

His work completes

The great design

And fills the soul

With joy divine.

Almighty God! to Thee

Be endless honours done,

The undivided Three

And the mysterious One.

Where reason fails

With all her powers

There Faith prevails

And love adores.

HYMN LXII.

For the Holy Trinity.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,

While Jehovah's praise we sing,

Holy, holy, holy Lord, and glory be

Be thy glorious name ador'd!

Men on earth, and saints above,

Sing the great Redeemer's love;

Lord, thy mercies; never failing

Hail! celestial goodness, hail!

The Spirit's name!

Gracious Lord, incline thine ear
Our humble hallelujahs hear,
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.

Lead us to that blissful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely great,
Look with pity from thy throne,
And send thy holy Spirit down.

HYMN LXIII.

For the HOLY TRINITY.

TO him that chose us first.

Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man.

To him that formed

Our hearts anew.

Be endless praise

And glory due.

The Father's love shall run,

Thro' our immortal songs.

We bring to God the Son

Hofannas on our tongues;

Our lips address

The spirit's name!

With equal praise
And zeal the same.

3.

Let ev'ry saint above,
And angels round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heav'n shall raise
His honours high,
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

HYMN LXIV.

For the HOLY TRINITY.

1.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing;

Holy, holy, holy, Lord,

Be thy glorious name ador'd.

2.

While on earth ordain'd to stay,

Guide our footsteps in the way;

Till we come to reign with thee,

And thy glorious greatness see.

3.

Then with angels we'll again

Wake a louder, louder strain;

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There in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.

4.

There no tongue shall silent be,
There all shall join sweet harmony;
There through heav'n's all-spacious round,
Thy praise, O God, may ever sound.

Lord! thy mercies never fail,
Hail! celestial goodness hail!

HYMN LXV.

For the SACRAMENT.

THUS, O my God, thy table's spread!

Thus doth thy cup with love o'erflow!
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy goodness know.

2.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

O! let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
May ev'ry soul salvation see,
That here this sacred pledges tastes.

Let crouds approach, with hearts prepar'd;
 With hearts inflam'd let all attend:
 For when we leave this heav'nly board,
 The pleasures nor the profit end.

HYMN LXVI.

For the SACRAMENT.

1.
LET us adore th' eternal word,
 'Tis he our souls hath fed:
 Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
 And thou th' immortal bread.

2.
 The manna came from lower skies,
 But Jesus from above:
 Where springs of endless pleasure rise,
 And rivers flow with love.

3.
 Bless'd be the Lord that gives his flesh
 To nourish sinful men;
 And often spreads his table fresh,
 Lest we should faint again.

4.
 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
 While Jesus finds supplies;
 Nor shall our virtues end in death,
 For Jesus never dies.

HYMN LXVII.

For the SACRAMENT.

HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord?
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to this feast;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far and death was nigh;
But at the gospel call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pitied rebels when he knew,
The vast expence his love would cost.

HYMN LXVIII.

For the SACRAMENT.

THE mem'ry of our dying Lord,
Awakes a thankful tongue;

How rich he spread his gracious board,
And blest the food and sung.

2.

Happy the man that eats this bread;

But doubly happy he,
In love divine who bow'd his head
And lean'd on, Lord, on thee.

3.

By faith the same delights we taste

As that great fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.

4.

Let us indulge a cheerful frame;

For joy becomes a feast;
We love the mem'ry of his name,
More than the food we taste.

HYMN LXIX.

For the SACRAMENT.

1.

HOW are thy glories here display'd!
Great God! how bright they shine!
While at thy word, we break the bread,
And taste the heavenly wine.

2.

Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;

Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

3.

Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace,

On this great sacrifice;

And love appears with cheerful face,

And faith with fixed eyes.

4.

Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,

Let sin for ever die;

Then shall our souls be all delight,

And ev'ry tear be dry.

HYMN LXX.

For the SACRAMENT.

PARENT of Good, whose plenteous gra

O'er all creation flows,

Humbly we ask thy power to bless

The food thy love bestows.

2.

Thy love provides the sacred feast,

A second gift impart;

Give us with joy our food to taste,

And with a grateful heart.

3.

Thee we address with humble fear,

Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown

Father of all thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.

4:
Thee let us taste; nor toil below,
For perishable meat;
The manna of thy love bestow,
Give us thy flesh to eat.

5:
Life of the world, our souls to feed
Thyself descend from high;
Grant us of Thee, the living bread,
To eat and never die.

HYMN LXXI.

For the SACRAMENT.

BLESS'D be the God, whose tender care,
Prevents his children's cry!
Whose pity, providential near,
Doth all our wants supply.

2:
Blest be the God; whose bounteous store
These cheering gifts imparts;
Who veils in bread the secret power,
That feeds and glads our hearts.

3:
'Tis not the outward food we eat
Doth this new strength afford:

'Tis Thou, whose presence makes it melt,
Thou, the life-giving word.

4.

Man doth not live by bread alone;
Whate'er thou wilt can feed;
Thy power converts the bread to stone,
And turns the stone to bread.

5.

When shall our souls regain the skies,
Thy heav'nly sweetness prove?
Fullness of joy shall there arise
And all our food be love.

HYMN LXII.

For the SACRAMENT.*

1.

FATHER of all! whose seat of rest,
In highest heav'n is rear'd,
Thy name by every tongue be blest,
By every heart rever'd!

2.

Let earth to thy Messiah's throne
Its just subjection yield;
Here, as in heav'n thy will be known,
Here, as in heav'n, fulfill'd.

3.

With bread sufficient to the day
Our mortal frame supply;

* Other Portions proper for the Sacrament, are Psalm
25, 27, and 36.

And feed the soul that moves the clay,
With manna from on high.

4.

Do thou our erring feet secure;
O lead us far from ill!
And keep us upright, just, and pure,
In act, in word, in will.

HYMN LXXIII.

For a Public Fast, or in Times of *National*
Distress.

1.

LORD, look on all assembl'd here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united pray'r
For this, our sinful land.

2.

O may we all with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's and our own.

3.

Great God of hosts, deliv'rance bring,
Guide those that hold the helm;
Support the state, preserve the King,
And spare the guilty realm.

4.

Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod;

May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God;

5
Whatever be our destined state,
Accept us in thy Son;
Give us thy gospel and thy grace;
And then thy will be done.

HYMN LXXIV.

For a Public Fast, or National Distress.

1.
WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword;
Oh! whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but Thee direct their cry?

2.
On thee, our guardian God, we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall?
And is there no deliv'rance there?
And must we perish in despair?

3.
See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn:
O spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

4.
We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;

We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?

5.

These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe:
Let them prevail to save us now!

HYMN LXXV.

Humiliation in time of National Distress.

1.

REPULS'D, dispers'd, chastiz'd by Thee,
O grant us, Lord, thy face to see,
And let the people once thy care,
Again thy favouring presence share.

2.

How trembles this divided land
Beneath the terrors of thy hand!
O Thou, the God whom we adore,
Its breaches heal, its peace restore,

3.

Thy just decrees to Israel's eyes
Have bid a scene of sorrow rise:
Our hope, on man repos'd in vain,
O let thy strength, great God, sustain.

4.

Thus arm'd, each adverse pow'r we dare,
And dauntless meet the rushing war,

K

While from thy sword our foes retire,
Or trampled in the dust expire.

Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land:
And shew the glory of thy hand:
Millions of tongues shall then adore;
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

HYMN LXXVI.

For a Public Fast, or in Times of National
Distress.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In Him undaunted we'll confide:

Tho' earth were from her center toss'd;
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill.
The royal seat of God most high
God dwells in Zion, whose fair tow'rs,
Shall mock the assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey

And earth her sov'reign Lord confess:
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our Fathers in distress.

HYMN LXXVII.

For a Public Fast, or *National Distress.*

1.

GREAT God! and why is Britain spard,
Ungrateful as we are!

O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries: "forbear."

2.

What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Thro' this our guilty Isle;
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile.

3.

How chang'd alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name!

4.

O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy almighty grace,
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

Then should insulting foes invade
 We shall not sink in fear;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 If God, our God, be near.

HYMN LXXVIII.

*For the Fifth of November, or any other
 Day of National Thanksgiving.*

1.

TO thee, Almighty God, we bring,
 The humble tribute of our songs;
 O teach our thankful hearts to sing
 And praise thy name with grateful tongues.

2.

While Britain (favour'd of the skies)
 Recalls the wonders God hath wrought;
 Let grateful joy adoring rise,
 And warm to rapture every thought.

3.

Why, gracious God, are we thus sav'd?
 Why blest with liberty and light?
 Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd,
 Nor lost in superstitious night.

4.

The wonders of thy grace complete;
 Reform this wretched guilty land,

Let thankful love beneath thy feet,
Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand.

HYMN LXXIX.

*For the Fifth of November, or any other
Day of National Thanksgiving.*

1.

SALVATION doth to God belong;
His power and grace shall be our song;
His hand hath dealt a secret blow;
And terror strikes the haughty foe.

2.

Our temples guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To Thee a temple shall become.

3.

Still be it our supreme delight,
To walk as in thy honour'd sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
To life's last hour to persevere.

4.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN LXXX.

For the SABBATH.

1.

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine,
Demands our soul's collected powers,
May we employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours.

2.

Omniscient God, thy piercing eye,
Can every secret thought explore;
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3.

The word of life dispens'd to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest!

4.

Thy spirit's powerful aid impart,
O may thy word with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine.

HYMN LXXXI.

For the SABBATH.

1.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise
In concert with the blest,

Who joyful in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2.

Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3.

On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, the eternal word, than when
This universe was made.

4.

He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from bondage,
'Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN LXXXII.

For the SABBATH.

BEHOLD, we come, dear Lord, to thee,
And bow before thy throne;
We come to offer on our knee,
Our vows to thee alone.

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy bounty freely gave;

Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

3.

Come then, my soul, bring all thy pow'r,
And grieve thou hast no more;
Bring ev'ry day thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.

4.

But above all prepare thy heart,
On this his own blest day,
In its sweet task to bear thy part,
And sing, and love, and pray,

HYMN LXXXIII.

The Bible the best Guide of our Life.

1.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2.

BEHOOLD, we come to thee, O Lord,
The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place:
And there thy servants night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express.

3.

But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;

Nor earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

4.

Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Glory to God.

1.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky,
Peace on earth, to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n!

2.

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

3.

Hail! by all thy works ador'd,
Hail! the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
Lord of power, and God of love.

4.

Powerful advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood!

Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear the world's atonement Thou.

5.
Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
With thy gracious Sire art One,
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,
One supreme, eternal Three.

HYMN LXXXV.

Love of Christ.

1.
BLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,
In wonder, joy, and love!

2.
Not softest strains can charm mine ear,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire,
My heart with equal flame.

3.
Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see,
But what is life, and all its bliss,
When once compar'd to Thee!

4.
Thou, Thou art precious to my heart;
My portion and my joy;

For ever let thy boundless grace,
My deepest thoughts employ.

HYMN LXXXVI.

*God to be praised as well for Poverty as
for Riches.*

1.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first;
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

2.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave;
He gives and (blessed be his name,)
He takes but what he gave.

4.

Peace all our hungry passions than!
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And every murmur die.

5.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;

And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN LXXXVII.

*To judge favourably of others, and justly
of ourselves.*

1.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2.

And since, if e'er I see thy face,
Thy mercy bids me live;
O let me learn from this thy grace,
My neighbour to forgive.

3.

Teach me, whene'er his wrath begins,
To pity, not to chide;
And all his multitude of sins
With charity to hide.

4.

Teach me, tho' wrong'd a thousand times,
To make no anger known;
And, when I hear of other's crimes,
To think upon my own.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

Morning Hymn for the Sabbath.

1.

Justly **A** GAIN the day returns of holy rest, (blest
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah
When like his own he bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2.

While impious men despise the sage decree,
From "vain deceit and false philosophy,"
Let us its wisdom own, its blessings feel,
Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

3.

Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey:
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in pray'r.

4.

So shall the God of mercy pleas'd receive
That only tribute, man has pow'r to give;
So shall he hear, while fervently we raise,
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

Father of heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us and whose precepts guide,
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

HYMN LXXXIX.

Evening Hymn for the Sabbath.

1.

SOON will the evening star with silver ray
 Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day,
 Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,
 The rites that holiness and heaven ordain.

2.

Still let each awful truth our thoughts engage,
 That shines reveal'd on inspiration's page,
 Nor those blest hours in vain amusement waste,
 Which all who lavish shall lament at last.

3.

Here humbly let us hope our Maker's smile
 Will crown with meet success our weekly toil;
 And here, on each returning sabbath, join
 In pray'r, in penitence, in praise divine.

CHORUS.

Father of heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
 Whose pow'r defends us and whose precepts guide,
 In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
 Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

HYMN XC.

For the Morning of the Sabbath.

1.

TO God who reigns supreme above,
 Let us our grateful homage pay;

With pious joy and fervent love,
O let us hail this sacred day!

2.

Accept, O Lord, the prayers that rise,
From contrite hearts, tho' weak, sinners;
May they, as incense, mount the skies,
And meet thy kind acceptance there.

3.

Still let us bless thy holy name,
For mercies every hour bestow'd;
Till, kindled with seraphic flame,
Our souls explore thy bright abode.

4.

There with incessant hymns of joy,
Thy sov'reign goodness we'll adore;
Where pain and grief no more annoy,
Where sin and sorrow are no more.

HYMN XCI

For the Evening of the Sabbath.

1.

O LORD, before thy awful throne,
Again our souls in duty bend;
To Thee our wants and woes are known,
To us thy powerful aid extend.

2.

Direct our hearts to sing thy praise,
In concert with the heav'nly choir,

Let love divine inflame our lays,
And gratitude the strain inspire.

3.
Thy goodness call'd us forth to light,
Thy bounteous hand our life sustains;
Thou guid'st us thro' the gloom of night,
Where dangers threat, where terror reigns.

4.
O lead us by thy saving grace,
Through life's deceitful thorny way,
Till we appear before thy face,
In the bright realms of endless day.

HYMN XCII.

On Gratitude.—Part I.

I.
WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2.
O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But Thou can'st read it there.

3.
Thy Providence my life sustai
And all my wants redrest,

When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

5.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For, O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN XCIII.

On Gratitude.—Part II.

1.

UNNUMBER'D comforts to my soul
Thy care, good Lord, bestow'd;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

2.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to man.

3.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way.

L

And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they would be.

4.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

5.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN XCIV.

On Gratitude.—Part III.

1.

THY bounteous hand, O God, with bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hast doubl'd all my store.

2.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

3.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;

And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

4.
When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
May ev'ry grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy still adore.

5.
Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For, O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN XCV. — On an occasion of Charity.

The Merciful shall obtain Mercy.

1.
BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain:

2.
Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woe to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the pow'r to heal.

3.
He spreads his kind supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief;

His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

4.
To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5.
To him protection shall be shewn;
And mercy from above,
Descend on those, who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

HYMN XCVI.—On an occasion of Charity.

The Merciful shall obtain Mercy.

BLEST, who with gen'rous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes,
Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear.

2.
Who to the afflicted gives relief,
And kindly soothes each anxious grief;
In ev'ry want, in ev'ry woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

3.
Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land.

Nor leave him in the dreadful day
To unrelenting foes a prey.

When languid with disease and pain,
Thou, Lord, his spirit wilt sustain,
Prop with thine arm his sinking head
And turn with tenderest care his bed.

HYMN XCVII.

Praise to God by all his Creatures.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim;
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the liquid air.

Ye angels catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:

Let ev'ry list'ning faint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

HYMN XCVIII—Part II.

Praise excited by all God's Creatures.

JOIN, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid;

Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

Ye glorious heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your mighty God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
Hence, hence, ye shades, th' Eternal laid,
At once the involving darkness fled,
And nature sprang to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that swims the plains,
United praise bestow:

Ye dragons sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud, and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

HYMN XCIX.—Part III.

Praise excited by all God's Creatures.

1.

LET every element rejoice:

Ye thunders burst with awful voice:

To him who bids you roll;

His praise in softer notes declare,

Each whispering breeze of yielding air,

And breathe it to the soul.

2.

To him, ye grateful cedars bow,

Ye towering mountains, bending low,

Your great Creator own;

Tell, when affrighted nature shook,

How Sinai kindled at his look,

And trembled at his frown.

3.

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing;

Ye feather'd warblers of the spring,

Harmonious anthems raise

To him, who shap'd your finer mould,

Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,

And tun'd your voice to praise.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,

How true is their defence.

HYMN C.—Part IV.

Praise excited by all God's Creatures.

1.
LET man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ;
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

2.
 Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
 Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,

Fall prostrate at his throne:
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
 Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
 An image of his own.

3.
 Ye fair, by nature, form'd to move,
 O praise the eternal source of love,

With youth's enlivening fire:
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,

Sigh his blest name—then soar away,

And ask an angel's lyre.

HYMN C.

Happiness under God's Favour and Protection.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence;

Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help omnipotence.

2.

Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please;
The hoary alpine hills it warms,
And calms the raging seas.

3.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN CII.

God knows our Wants better than we
ourselves.

AUTHOR of Good! to thee I turn:

Thy ever-watchful eye

Alone can all my wants discern,

Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,

Thy love my footsteps guide;

That love shall all vain thoughts expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3

And, oh! by error's force subdu'd,
Since oft my stubborn will
Prepost'rous shows the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

4

Not to my will, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply;
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant;
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

HYMN CIII.

Praise to God from all below and all above.

1.

YE works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footstool, heav'n his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd;
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

2.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the bliss above,
To heavenly mansions soar:

[161]

O let your songs his praise display,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more.

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain,
The boundless bliss to share;
O praise him, till you take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

HYMN CIV.

Comfort and Instruction from the Bible.

1.
GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look:
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2.
Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies:
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

3.
Lord, make me understand thy law,
Shew what my faults have been,
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

5.

Then let me love my bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN CV.

Future Judgment.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2. He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3. He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

4.
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

5.
Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN CVL

God celebrated by all his Creatures.

1.
THE glorious armies of the sky,
To thee, almighty king,
Triumphant anthems consecrate
And hallelujahs sing.

2.
But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of Thee:
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be!

3.
Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature every where around,
Displays thy excellence?

All nature's works exalt thee, Lord,
And shall I silent be?
No; rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee!

HYMN CVII.

SING we praises to the Lord, hallelujah,
Bless his name with one accord, hal.
For its owing to his care, hal.
What we have and what we are, Hal.

2.

He first made us by his power, hal.
And preserves us every hour, hal.
Food and raiment all are his, hal.
Present comfort, future bliss. Hal.

3.

He directs our steps by day, hal.
Pointing out the safest way, hal.
And at night in mercy still, hal.
Guards us from all kinds of ill. Hal.

4.

God forgave us when undone, hal.
And redeem'd us by his son, hal.
Raise your voices high and sing, hal.
Thanks to heav'n's Eternal King. Hal.

HYMN CVIII.

For the Morning.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2.
 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praise to the Eternal King.

3.
 May I, like you, in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight;
 Perform, like you, my Maker's will;
 O may I never more do ill!

4.
 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refreshed me while I slept;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

5.
 Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say;
 That all my powers with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN CIX

For the Evening.

1.

GLORY to thee my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings
 Under thy own almighty wings.

2.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3.

O may my soul on thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
 Sleep, that may me more ready make,
 To serve my God, when I awake.

4.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

5.

O may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instill,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

6.

May he celestial joys rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or, in my stead all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

7.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN CX.

For the Harvest.

1.

LET loud hosannas high ascend,
While plenty loads her horn;
While groves with blooming fruitage bend,
And valleys wave with corn.

2.

Through all the year with lavish powers
Our Maker's bounty flows;
Benign it falls in vernal showers,
In summer suns it glows.

M

3.

In autumn o'er our happy illle,
A general feast he pours;
While all his grateful creatures smile
'Midst nature's boundless stores.

4.

Though cold may blow the winter wind,
And dreary fall the snow;
Secure from want the shelter'd hind
Shall bless his lot below.

5.

When men in hunger hopeless pine,
He hears their suppliant strain;
The o'erflowing pressas gush with wine,
The garners burst with grain.

6.

To God, who all our wants supplies,
Shall men their hymns employ,
As long as summer warms the sky
And fills the heart with joy.

HYMN CXI.

For the SABBATH.

1.

BENEATH this consecrated roof again,
Father of heaven we hymn the pious strain;
And give obedient to thy kind decree
The sacred day to holiness and Thee.

2.

At rest from labour, and releas'd from care,
We bow in penitence, and melt in prayer,
For every past offence, or thought or done
Father, forgive us, for thy dying Son.

3.

When on the week with sins unnumber'd fraught,
We back repentant turn our troubled thought,
Chear us, O spirit, as yon orb of light
Rose gladsome on the world and chas'd the night.

4.

*Tho' weak an infant's humble voice ascend,
To hear an infant's voice, O Father, bend:
None round thy throne in hymns shall take their
But such as bear an infants spotless heart. (part

5.

Come, Holy Ghost, come, Comforter divine,
Descending sanctify this solemn shrine,
Raife the weak frame, the languid thought inspire,
And touch our grateful lips with heav'nly fire.

HYMN CXII.

1.

RAISE we our voices to the Lord of Glory,
Who o'er the pow'rs of Hell such triumphs
won!

* This verse to be sung only by the Children.

How fade the deeds of heroes fam'd in story;
Like twinkling stars before the rising sun!

See him descending;

Angel-hosts attending;

Chaunting adoration:

Hailing all creation,

With tidings of Salvation,

* For Man begun!

2.

View we with awe the heav'nly infant-stranger;

For 'tis a God, reveal'd to mortal eyes!

See, lowly lying in the hallow'd manger,

Beauty celestial pierce the mean disguise!

See his fond Mother,

Transport scarcely smother!

Wrapt in meditation;

Lost in admiration,

That she from all her nation

Should bear the prize!

3.

See eastern sages, by a star directed,

Gold, myrrh, and frankincense, in tribute
bring!

See the sweet babe by his dread fire protected,

From the fell rage of Judah's cruel King!

* If sung on Christmas Day, the last Line of the Stanza
must be,

"This day begun!"

See him—(all things ended

Love divine intended)—

On the cross expiring ;

Then to bliss retiring :

All earth, all Heav'n admiring !

Then, joyful, sing :

4.

" Blessing and honour, glory and thanksgiving

" Be unto Him, who sitteth upon the Throne,

" And to the Lamb, once slain, now ever-living :

" Whose precious blood was shed, our guilt

" t' atone !

" O Holy Spirit,

" Source of merit,

" Grant thy grace restoring,

" When we kneel, imploring,

" And when we sing adoring

" The THREE IN ONE !"

HYMN CXIII

1.

FORM'D to adore thee, in thy glorious praise,

Lord God Almighty we our voices raise :

* And hail with awful joy, the sacred day,

When ev'ry worldly care is chas'd away !

* If sung on Christmas Day, the latter part of the Stanza must be

" And hail with awful Joy, the sacred Morn,

" When the Redeemer of Mankind was born !"

O Heavenly Father, whose unbounded love;
Sent thy dear Son from realms of bliss above;
From death to wrest his sting, and blunt his dart:
Deign to receive the incense of the heart!

3.

O Lamb of God, whose precious blood was spilt,
To heal our wounds, and expiate our guilt;
From sin, and death, and hell, to set us free:
Accept our hymns, to gratitude and Thee!

4.

O Holy Ghost, to whom all powers belong
Our faith to strengthen, to inspire our song,
And purify our hearts—thy grace be giv'n;
That we when call'd from earth, may sing in
Heav'n!

DOXOLOGIES.

LONG METRE.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n,

All glory to th' eternal Three;
Thee Father, Thee O Son, and Thee,
The Spirit ever blest,

DOXOLOGIES.

That glory which through ages past,
Unchang'd has stood, and yet shall last,
When time has sunk to rest.

Be glory to the eternal Three
Ascrib'd, and highest praise,
As 'twas, and is, and still shall be
Beyond the end of days.

To th' eternal Three be giv'n,
Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n;
Such as was through ages past;
Is and shall for ever last.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise,
Salvation, pow'r,
And praise be giv'n,
By all on earth,
And all in heav'n.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more;

DOXOLOGIES.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be :

As 'twas and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.

By angels in heav'n
Of every degree,

And faints upon earth
All praise be address'd,

To God in three persons
One God ever bless'd

As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above ye angelic host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SANCTUS.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts,
heav'n and earth are full of the majesty of
thy glory: Glory be to thee, O Lord, most
high.



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THESE YOUNG MEN ARE PARTICULARLY OCCASIONAL

A circular ink stamp from the British Museum. The words "BRITISH" and "MUSEUM" are curved along the top and bottom inner edges of the circle, respectively. In the center, the date "4 MR 79" is printed horizontally. There are six small dots arranged in a hexagonal pattern around the central date.

